

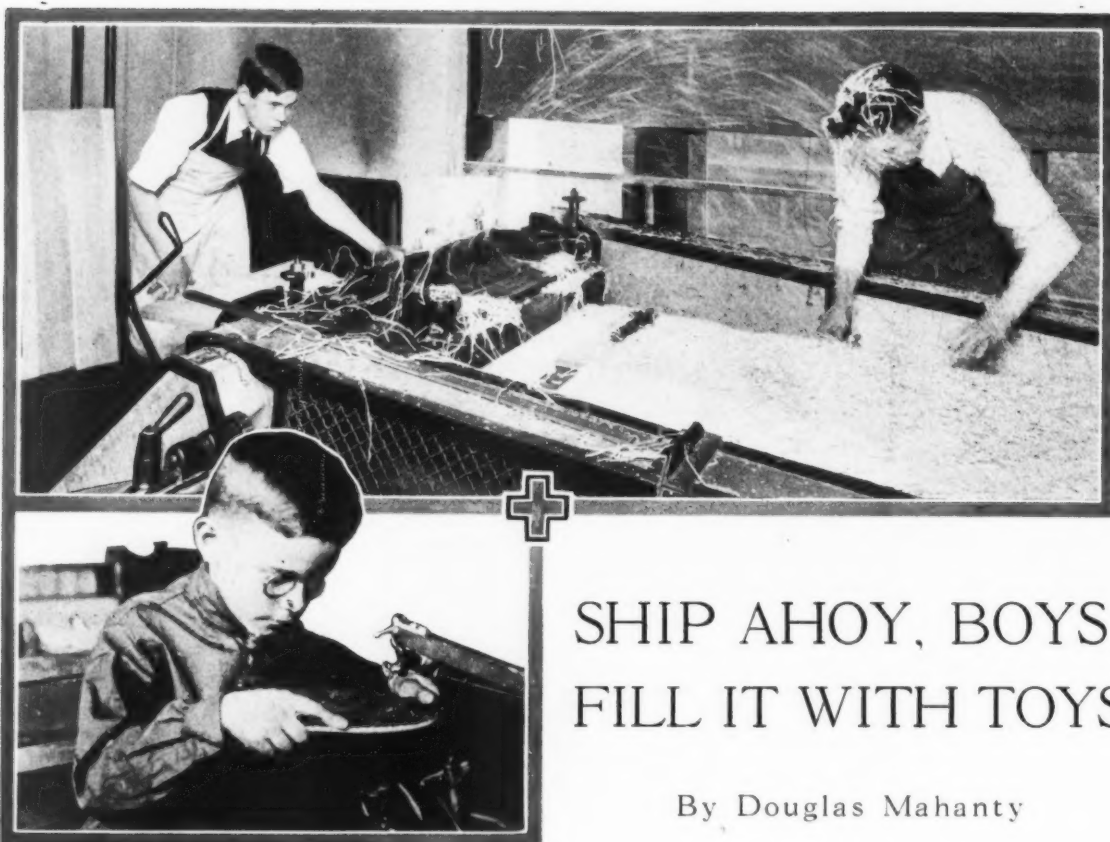
JUNIOR RED CROSS

January, 1920

NEWS

"I serve"





SHIP AHOY, BOYS! FILL IT WITH TOYS

By Douglas Mahanty

GET out your jig-saws and paintbrushes, boys of the Junior Red Cross, for you are asked to become toymakers and send your wares across the ocean to places where they are badly needed. Enough toys to fill a big ship to the gunwales are possible.

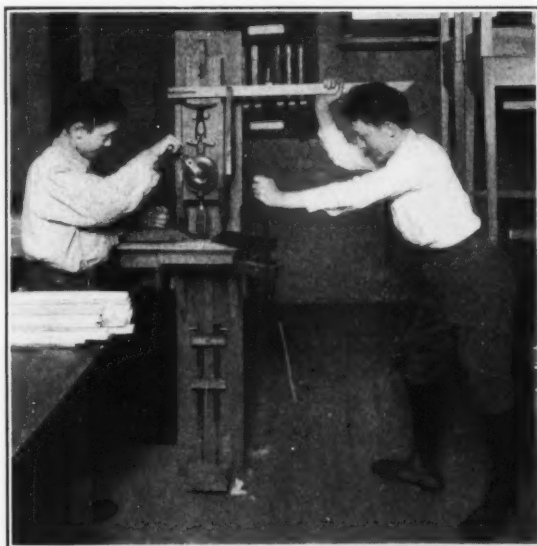
Toys are easy to make if one goes about it in the right way—but what if they were not? Haven't the members of the Junior Red Cross just sent to France a shipment of 2,500 tables and chairs to help refurnish the poor homes of the refugees of northern France and Belgium? Juniors who can make real sure-enough furniture like that can surely make giraffes and jumping-jacks.

First of all take a look into the Junior Red Cross leaflet on toys. It shows how to make simple toys; just the sort of things to make the play-starved children of Europe laugh with joy. Sand cars, hopper cars, dump cars, ironing boards, acrobats, cannons, horses and riders, walking boys, big Dutch girls and little Dutch girls, wooden soldiers, pile drivers, wooden carts, giraffes, dodo birds and jumping-jacks are all to be found in this book.

For tools a Junior toymaker needs only a coping-saw and bench-pin or saw table. The bench-pin may be fastened to an ordinary classroom desk or to a work-table at home without injuring the furniture or causing too much untidiness. Whitewood is the best

material for toys. The wood of cigar boxes, though soft and easy to cut, is liable to split. Wheels may sometimes be made from broomsticks. Do not use a nail to make a hole, as it is likely to split the wood; a drill gives better results.

Many of the toys in the Junior Red Cross leaflet are not as large as you will wish to make them. If





you are clever at drawing you may be able to enlarge them; otherwise try this scheme. Decide how many times larger you wish the finished toy to be. Suppose you wish it twice as large. Take the picture of the toy in your book and lay it out in cross-section blocks, a quarter of an inch square. On a piece of thin tracing-paper make your cross-section blocks one-half inch square. Now you are ready to copy the original pattern. Make the lines in each block of the pattern on your tracing paper correspond to the lines in the smaller blocks on the picture. Rub your lead-pencil over the back of this drawing when finished and trace the outline carefully on thin wood, with a hard, sharp pencil.

After you have cut your toys out and before they are put together, sandpaper the surfaces so that they are smooth and even for painting. Oil paints and enamel are the most durable covering for toys, but

they are also expensive, hard to get in the right colors and rather difficult for the Juniors in the intermediate grades to use. "Calcimo" colors are cheaper and easier to use.

"Calcimo" colors come in powdered form and are easily mixed with water. A little glue or mucilage added to the water makes the color stick better and so keeps it from rubbing off the toys when they are used. A tablespoonful of glue to a quart of water is about the right proportion. Take a heaping teaspoonful of color powder and place it in a saucer; mix with a little water until the color is as thick as cream and stir until all lumps disappear. Put on the colors with a water-color brush.

Toys are especially attractive when they are outlined in black. Conventionalized eyes, ears, mouth, etc., may be added with a toothpick. Be sure not to put on your outlines or other special features until the main coat of paint is dry. A coat of shellac gives the toys a pretty finish and protects the paint.

Remember as you ply your jig-saw and paintbrushes that there are thousands of little folks anxiously awaiting these playthings. Remember too that the first lot of toys is due at the headquarters of your Division on the first day of March, and the second lot must be ready for its long journey by the first of May. The leader of your Junior Red Cross Auxiliary will tell you what to do if you are ever in doubt.



THE CUB WITH NO TONGUE

BOZO was the only boy who wouldn't play. The others were enjoying themselves happily and noisily. Games and warm beds and three meals a day—it was all very different from the shivering nightmares of the past few years, and this American Red Cross home was surely a most wonderful place.

Bozo's great black eyes were somber, even when the boys were shouting with laughter all around him. All day long he stood by a window, looking out at the hills that surrounded the little Serbian town. He ate what was put before him, he went to bed when he was told, and he washed because it was an unescapable rule of the Americans; but he never did anything of his own accord.

Bozo had been dragged to the door by a ragged peasant who said:

"His people are killed; he is useless, with his great dumb eyes. Why should I throw my children's food to a cub with no tongue?"

Then the peasant strode off without waiting to see what they did with Bozo.

The nurse who took him in tried to make him smile by telling him stories or smuggling lumps of sugar to him as he stood by the window or crouched in his little chair in the playroom. But Bozo never talked.

After a while, almost in spite of himself it seemed, the fine thick soup and the bread that came all fragrant from the ovens began to change him. His cheeks gradually rounded out. His skin, from parchment color, became pink. His small, bony shoulders lost something of their sharpness.

Then one day something happened. Three new little boys were brought in. They had been found sleeping in a stable in a ruined village near the hills. After they had been washed and fed they lay in their little white beds in the dormitory with the other children clustering about to ask them questions.

At sound of their accent, the clicking syllables of the hill people, Bozo had turned from his window with something stirring in the depths of his dull eyes.

"You have come far?" they were asking the new children.

"From up beyond the Hill of the Pine Tree and the village of Two Towers. The fire drove us out and our feet were cut and bleeding and we were weak without food. The two women with the crosses of blood color found us there after two days. We were glad they came because we were afraid."

"Of the hunger?" asked the other children.

"Of the hunger, surely, and the fever that kills in

the night," went on the oldest new boy. "But chiefly of a thing that we saw as we lay by a broken house wall."

Bozo was quite close by now with his mouth a little open and the curious light still growing in the back of his eyes.

"It was the ghost of a great white dog that ran and bayed in the moonlight. In the daytime it limped about a pile of stones and we could see that it was tied by a rope. But at night it ran and leaped at the rope's end and howled. We were afraid that the rope might break. We thought it must be the ghost of someone that was killed in that place."

The children nodded wisely; in Serbia everyone believes in such things.

Then they were startled by a sound behind them. Peter Lubovitch said, "Look, it is Bozo the Dumb who has spoken."

But Bozo only threw himself on his own bed and turned his back.

The next morning Bozo was gone. They could not find any trace of his going or any clue as to what he could be doing.

In the orphanage Bozo began to be called "the dumb boy who ran away," and they forgot him rapidly.

Then one day there was a tremendous banging at the great front door by the road. Two nurses ran to open it. On the steps they found Bozo, thin and ragged and dirty, but with eyes that danced. Behind him, with ribs like an empty basket, was a great white dog.

"It is I," he said, "I and my dog. We have come back. It is a good place here. The Americans are strange but kindly and their bread and their soup are very good. This is my dog that was taken from me in the village of the Two Towers that is now ruins. I have been to fetch him. Let the foolish children who thought him a ghost see the strength of his jaws. He can also pull mightily when harnessed to a proper cart such as I shall make. When you have fed him I will show you."

* * *

THE COUNTRY

There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb o'er which you tread
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you, from earth's fragrant sod,
To hope, and holiness, and God.

—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

The stonemason poet of Scotland, 1784-1842





"We only ask for bread and a chance," is the cry of 250,000 Armenian orphans who are destitute—without food, clothes, and shelter—and scattered throughout the former Ottoman, or Turkish, Empire. From 35 to 50 per cent of the Armenian population was wiped out of existence during the war. The Armenians live mainly in the Bible lands, and are one of the oldest Christian races. This pretty mother and child were aided in Jerusalem.

HOW TED'S MAP CAME TO LIFE

DOTS sprinkled all over a map and lines running any old way—that's geography," said Ted Simpson one night, as he viciously set his elbows on the dog-eared book he was studying. The truth was that the feeling between Ted and his geography book was anything but friendly.

"Who cares anything about geography, anyway?"

Ted got no further in his grumbled reflections. He became conscious all at once that the room was packed with strange shapes. There were giant ones who stooped to avoid banging powdered wigs against the farmhouse ceiling; there were middle-sized ones whose heads reached just to the red plush lambrequin on the mantel, and there were thousands and thousands of little pygmies who covered the carpet and furniture and even sat on the picture frames.

Ted had a strange feeling as though his hair were standing on end. The tallest giant strode forward to where he was sitting.

"I am Father Knickerbocker," said the giant to Ted. "Some people call me New York, and I am the largest of the dots about whom you were just speaking in no very respectful way. All of us who are gathered here this evening may look like nothing but map dots to you, but we have a little surprise for you and I think you are going to like us better before we get through."

Father Knickerbocker smiled in a fatherly way and the shivers along Ted's spine suddenly disappeared.

"Ted," said a little voice, "I'm ashamed of you, and you a Junior, too." Ted turned to see who was speaking and found himself looking right into the face of his own home town, Smithville Center. Small as the whisper had been, everyone seemed to have heard, and everyone turned and looked at Ted.

"We'll show him by the deeds of the Juniors themselves," said Father Knickerbocker, "whether we are anything more than dots. Speeches are now in order. Cities first!"

Chicago, Illinois, stepped forward, bowing his head as gracefully as he could with grandfather Simpson's picture in the way. "The Juniors whom I represent never think of me as a dot. My Juniors have planted school gardens and worked in them early and late,

By Louise Franklin Bache

and they have turned the vegetables and flowers into money to help along the good work of the Junior Red Cross. They——"

But Father Knickerbocker pulled out a queer old-fashioned timepiece and said, "That's enough, I'm afraid. There are many dots here tonight who have interesting things to tell. Ted has his lessons to get, and we must make our speeches few and short. St. Louis, Missouri, we will call on you next."

"Having to count my words," said St. Louis, "is a very hard task for me when I talk about my Juniors. Here is one thing. The members of our Junior Red Cross heard of the great need for clothing in Serbia, Bulgaria, Poland, France and Belgium, and they went over the top in a hurry. The amount of clothing asked of us was 60,000 pounds or thirty tons. By the help of the Juniors the amount turned in was more than 100,000 pounds, almost twice as much as requested."

"Next," called out Father Knickerbocker. He was exceedingly business-like. No time was lost in introductions or closing remarks.

Boston, Massachusetts, stepped to the front. He was a scholarly looking man.

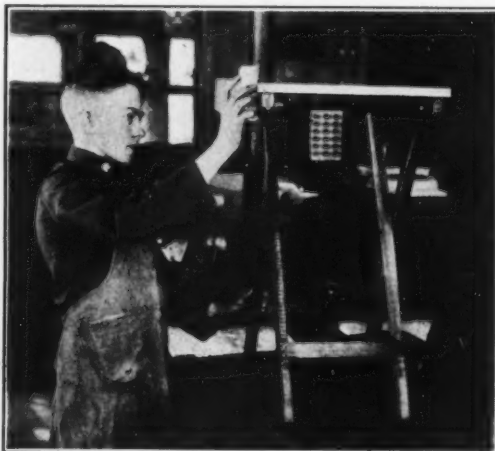
Addressing Ted he said: "I will tell you what our Public Library has done. It has started a collection of Junior Red Cross books and articles for Boston Juniors to read. Through these books the Boston Juniors are gaining a knowledge of other boys and girls in all parts of their geography, and this will help them to carry on their Red Cross work better."

"Next, and make it brief," called Father Knickerbocker.

"Can't be done," said Atlanta, Georgia. "I've got too much to say. We have a fine high school of one thousand girls in our city, with a 100 per cent membership in the Junior Red Cross. The jams and jellies prepared in the cooking classes of this high school are sold for the benefit of the Junior Red Cross."

Spokane, Washington, bobbed up before Atlanta could sit down.

"My Juniors are just fine," Spokane said breathlessly. "They have decided to start a Junior Red Cross clinic at one of the schools. At this clinic children who otherwise could not afford it may have their eyes examined and fitted with glasses. A great many



of my children will suddenly become bright-eyed and happy because the Spokane Juniors have done this for them."

"Next, and step lively," thundered the presiding officer.

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, promptly spoke up.

"My Juniors have found opportunities to be of service in some of the nearby counties, which are just lines to our nodding Ted. One little girl 'way back in the hills who has never been able to walk is being given the services of a specialist, so that she can go to school and play like other children."

Ted noticed that the cities who spoke were getting smaller and smaller. Father Knickerbocker smiled affectionately and put his arm around a young person who stood near him.

"One of the members of my family," he said, as he introduced Gloversville, New York.

"Gloversville Juniors," said Father Knickerbocker's relative, "pay the carfare and services of a nurse, so that children with infantile paralysis can go to a New York clinic, where they are treated free."

"New York state is a fine state," said Father Knickerbocker, drawing himself up proudly. Then remembering the nearness of the ceiling he stopped suddenly.

"There is nothing the matter with Ohio, either," said Steubenville. "In just one bazaar we cleared seven hundred dollars for the Junior Red Cross. There is no denying it, Ohio Juniors are exceedingly smart boys and girls."

"Hurrah for the Juniors of the Hoosier state, too," cried Jasper, Indiana, coming forward. "Did our Juniors quit when the war was won? Not much. They adopted a French war orphan and went right to work on refugee garments."

"Our Juniors are not quitters, either," said Macon, Georgia. "As long as Camp Wheeler was maintained as an army post, the Juniors sent weekly contributions of flowers, magazines and other comforts. But now that the camp is closed, the Juniors are working just as hard for local needs and are sending their flowers to the wards of the nearest hospital."

"Next," shouted Father Knickerbocker.

"I have a few words to say," said Raleigh, North Carolina. "Our medical inspector found after an examination of all of our school children that a large number were not properly fed. So the money raised by the Junior Red Cross members is to be used to

provide hot school lunches which will be sold to the children at a moderate price."

"A fine idea," said Berkeley, California, proudly. "California started the cafeteria idea and we are always glad to hear of its good service. I should like to report for the Juniors of Berkeley that they have established a dental clinic in which children may have free care. No more toothache for our boys and girls."

"Good for California," said Father Knickerbocker heartily.

"Don't forget me," said Santa Ana. "I'm small, but I'm a Californian, too. My Juniors have been helping Americanize our Mexican colony. They have

furnished the equipment for classes in sewing, cooking and hygiene, in the two bungalow school buildings attended by the Mexican mothers and children." Little Santa Ana was all out of breath when she finished, amid the handclapping of the entire room.

Ted saw that it was the pygmies now who had become the speakers.

"I'm Abbeville, Louisiana," a tiny voice piped. "I'm a very small dot to be sure, but nevertheless my Juniors can do big deeds. During the time of the Spanish influenza they brought food daily from their homes

to be carried to the homes of those who were ill."

"I am not even a dot," said another elfish shape, "I am only the Harford Furnace school of twenty-four pupils, near Belcamp, Maryland. We gathered nuts and brought donations of apples until there were enough to send a big box to the sick boys at Fort McHenry."

"Listen to me, please," begged another pygmy. "I'm such a little place in Colorado that they forgot to put me on the map and yet my Juniors made \$107.91 with which to pay for the treatment of a little crippled boy at a children's hospital."

"It is time to go," said Father Knickerbocker. "Already we have kept Ted too long from his geography. I think, however, he may be able to study all the better now. He will know after this that every dot on the map stands for some good Junior Red Cross work."

Bang went Ted's geography on the floor! He stooped to get it. When he looked up the room was empty.

"Jiminey Crickets," said Ted, "was I dreaming?"

He opened the book to the big U.S. map. To his surprise he found geography could be interesting!



JUMPING ABOUT THE WORLD WITH THE JUNIORS



1. The moment before the accident, as you will see it in the Junior Red Cross film, "America, Junior." Ask your School Committee to get it.

2. Only nine, but she has passed the life-saving tests and carries her 260-pound neighbor in the water.

3. After four years of wandering these young Polish refugees are homeward bound on a Red Cross train.

4. If feasts of scenery were nourishing, life would be much happier on the Adriatic coast.



WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

October 30, 1919

My dear Little Friends:

Though the flowers you sent to the President are very lovely and have given him a great deal of pleasure, the messages you have written for him mean even more. May I not assure you of the thanks which he would like so much to send to you? Words like yours, from the young people of America who are going to carry on the work of this country, cannot fail to touch him very deeply as do your interest and affection for him.

Very sincerely yours,

Edith Bolling Wilson

[Mr. Woodrow Wilson]



5. Juniors of Washington, D.C., remembered their sick neighbor.

6. Better a cave bakery than no bakery at all, they find in Palestine.

7. This man is sewed up for the winter. In Serbia wood is about as scarce and high as coal.

8. Susie, the dummy, who plays patient for Red Cross classes in home care of the sick.

9. Showing the class health committee how to whiten panes and soften the glare of a front window.

10. Even the horses have to dress up for the holidays in Czecho-Slovakia.



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A sufficient number of copies of each issue of the *Junior Red Cross News* to provide one copy for each teacher will be sent without charge to each school organized as a Junior Red Cross Auxiliary. Should additional copies be desired by any school, or should individuals desire to have the *Junior Red Cross News* sent to their personal address, subscriptions can be made for such additional copies through the Chairman of the local Chapter School Committee. Such additional subscriptions will be received, at the rate of 45 cents each, only for the period of one full school year of nine months. Subscriptions not received in time to run concurrent with the school year will be continued into the ensuing year for a total of nine issues.

Imagine a Great Wave of friendship for America, and especially for American children, spreading over European countries! You have heard of destructive waves not so pleasant to think about, but a *wave of friendship* is the very best kind of wave imaginable. The fine thing about it is that it does not destroy, but builds, and builds last'ingly.

It is just that kind of wave that is mounting high and moving wide in parts of the Old World because the Junior Red Cross of America has been touching the hearts of thousands of parents and children by its relief activities for little war waifs.

News of this growing goodwill for the children of America has just been brought to the United States by Maj. Royal S. Haynes, who for over a year has been European Director for the Junior Red Cross and has put the Juniors' foreign organization on a permanent basis.

"By their attempt at unselfish service for the needy children of Europe, our Juniors have made an important move in the interest of world peace," said Major Haynes. "They have started a wave of friendship between themselves and the children of other lands that is fundamentally of the greatest value to all of us."

Major Haynes expressed his enthusiasm in several ways. For instance, he said the Juniors have planted well "the seed of international goodwill and understanding." Again, he spoke of "the unbreakable bond" between American Juniors and the children of less fortunate lands. Finally, he considered this unselfish service of children for children "the grandest thing in the world."

Stacks and Stacks of letters have poured into the Paris office of the Junior Red Cross from mothers and children—from families in Paris, Lille, Lyons, St. Etienne, Marseilles, Brest, Toulouse, Guise, Nantes, and other places—expressing gratitude for the comfort and cheer that have been brought into French homes by Junior relief measures.

The same kind of gratitude is manifesting itself in Czecho-Slovakia, where 500 undernourished, destitute children of Prague were cared for in the mountains for two months; in fourteen Belgian villages, where between 2,500 and 3,000 poor children are given hot lunches at school, and in the so-called "lost villages" of Belgium—villages entirely destroyed by the Germans—where 200 little ones are being sheltered, fed, and clothed during the school year; in various parts of Italy, where war orphans have been aided, and in Albania, Montenegro, and Serbia, and somewhat in Rumania and Palestine. From Poland, too, the Juniors soon will be hearing, for it is planned to care for some 3,000 refugee children for a time in Eastern Poland where the suffering has been frightful.

Why Not Have a Meeting of your Junior

Auxiliary at least once every month, and discuss the stories and articles in the *Junior Red Cross News*? It should prove helpful to all—stimulating, broadening, and, perhaps, a real pleasure. Once a month is not too often to stop and think about a world-wide cause in the interest of happy childhood, especially when it is your own cause above all.

Invent ideas for Junior activities, and cooperate wherever you can to make them successes.

The Junior Red Cross ideals should soon mean for you health and joy, and a consciousness of being helpful to persons far and near who are neither healthy nor happy.

* * *

THE LITTLE CRIPPLED CHILDREN

The Little Crippled Children,
They ride to school in state;
Their parents never have to fear
They'll loiter or be late;
Beside each child there lies a crutch,
As well as book and slate.

And all the strong-limbed boys and girls
Look at them eager-eyed—
Wishing that they might have a crutch
And get a daily ride;
The Crippled Children's faces beam
With sweet, pathetic pride.

—FLORENCE VAN CLEVE, in *The East Side*.

Hilly. Picturesque Montenegro is

A LAND THAT SANTA CLAUS FORGOT

MANY years ago Santa Claus forgot all about the little children of

Montenegro. Probably it was because their fathers have not provided chimneys for the entrance of Santa Claus into their homes. Or maybe the continuous shooting in centuries of fighting frightened Santa's reindeer team away from the homes of the children of the mountains. Whatever the cause, these bright youngsters have been left out of all the fun that goes with Christmas.

The hard life of a fighting people living in cruel hills has crowded out all thoughts of toys. If Santa Claus had been a Montenegrin he probably would have distributed rifles and bombs and machine guns to children instead of red wagons and bobsleds and baseballs and dolls. Mechanical games are unknown and dolls are sufficiently rare to excite curiosity. Even among those families which have accumulated a fair share of the world's goods there are no toys for the children except crude affairs of home manufacture.

Woman—the burden-bearer of Montenegro—has no time to think of amusement for herself; she has little time to care for her children. The men of the country have been struggling for centuries on the battlefield. The women have stayed at home to work the fields. Now, after many generations of work, the women have developed into machines of toil, and the men, the fighters of old, look down on labor as beneath their dignity. Perhaps if the social scheme were different, Santa Claus would not have been permitted to forget the children.

One day a ragged child passed American Red Cross headquarters in Podgoritz. His feet were bare and his trousers torn to ribbons. Through a rent in his shirt protruded the round, distended stomach which indicates hunger and malnutrition. He walked slowly,

By Maj. E. J. Swift

one finger in his mouth, drawing behind him, on a string, a little wheel that had been found in some

refuse pile. He stopped on the corner. A dozen youngsters gathered about him, looking in envy, just as the boys in America might at the sight of a comrade with a bright red fire-engine or a train of cars. He was very proud of his toy, and when I became an admirer of his wheel he bubbled over trying to tell me about its fine points and how it worked and what it

was. My heart went out to that little ragged urchin and I wished that I had a shipload of the cast-off toys of my own land to make his eyes bulge with astonishment.

On another occasion a wee tot paraded up the main street dressed in an American Red Cross bath-robe that reached to her tiny feet. She dragged after her a long ribbon of paper to which was attached a spool. Some evil spirit stepped on the spool and the paper

parted. A wail went up from the child that could be heard for blocks away until a kindly old Turk patched her toy and sent her smiling on her way.

When you think of what the red coaster meant to you, or that big doll with blue eyes and yellow hair, or that shaggy-haired dog that followed you about, and all those pleasant days at the park, with see-saws and swings and the merry-go-round, and the donkey to ride, and a thousand and one other things to amuse you, you will realize how much is lost from the lives of the children of Montenegro.

The boys have some games, to be sure. One is much like our "Prisoner's Base," and I have seen them play "Duck on the Rock." Last year they had a craze for swimming in the Moracha River with their American friends. In this warlike country you might think that the boys would play "soldier," but not so. The stern reality of fighting has taken away all the glamor.



There's always smoke in your eyes when your house has no chimney. But if chimneys are taxed, houses have to be built without chimneys, and that is what happens in Montenegro.

Juniors, please meet the

REAL LITTLE PEOPLE OF "PEREEN-YE"

A LARGE gray automobile buzzed down the white road leading from Paris to the little village of Perigny. The American boy and his two sisters and the French governess caught only swift pictures of rich meadowland and thatched farmhouses.

"Pinch me, Judith," the older of the two girls said to her youngest sister. "Are we really in France, or are we dreaming?"

"It really is France, Elise," Judith replied with a laugh, "and you and I are real true Red Cross Juniors going to call on the Junior Red Cross home at Perigny."

"What is there at Perigny, anyway?" asked the boy.

"Oh, Arthur," answered Elise, "we have told you so often. It is a home, a real home, and the Junior Red Cross keeps it up. It's for some of the poor French children who lost their own homes in the war. If your high school hadn't been so slow about joining the Junior Red Cross, you would know all about Perigny."

Mademoiselle LeFevre, the children's governess, wisely changed the subject by saying, "The village we are approaching is Perigny. Say it without the g—Pereen-ye. Is it not a lovely spot? See the great wilderness of trees covering the hills over there! That is the far-famed Forest of Fontainebleau. Millet and Corot, whose pictures you all know, found their inspiration along the edge of this forest."

The car came to a stop before a pleasant farmhouse, set in a well-ordered garden. Beyond the garden the children caught glimpses of a charming bit of woodland and a great meadow stretching happily away in the distance.

A French lady greeted them cordially at the gate. It was Madame Menil, who mothers the children at Perigny. Then came the entire

Introduced by Virginia Copeland

Junior Red Cross family: Claire, Louis and Josephine, who represented one little family of

war orphans; Lili, Jeannot and Adrienne, whose mother had died and whose father had returned from the war too feeble to care for his children; Andre and Charlot, brothers and orphans; Marceline, a sweet sensitive-looking girl; Louise, who would soon begin to study dentistry; Mercedes and Genevieve, who were orphaned sisters; little Marguerite, called the sunbeam of the house, Jeanne, Marte, Yvonne and Jean.

The children were busy getting ready for a picnic.

"I should like to know more about the tall, slender girl with the blue eyes—the one the children are hovering around," said Elise.

"That is Claire," answered Madame Menil, "and I shall be glad to tell you about her. Claire specializes in being a big sister, and she has been doing it ever since she was fourteen years old and lost her father and mother and grandmother. The little village where they used to live lay only a mile and a quarter from the battle-front. Claire and her younger sister Josephine and the baby Louis h'd in a damp cellar in the outskirts of the town and Claire told stories there in the dark while the shrapnel whizzed in the air above.

"One day the Germans bundled them on a train and sent them off. Louis's only recollection of this time is of a blue-eyed sister who carefully watched over them

as they traveled on one train after another, for the little family made many journeys before they at last found a home here at Perigny. When they came here Claire became the big sister to a large adopted family. She spread the tartines for tea, and she judged the races by the river. But as the months went by she came to feel that she must be something more than a big sister to her own





Here are the real little people of Perigny as they really look. Claire is sitting at the extreme right of the picture with the boy Jeannot sitting in front of her. Little Andre, Charlot's brother, is standing at the extreme left, playing with his stick. Louis, Marguerite, Lili and Adrienne are sitting down in front of the group. Jean is behind Andre and Louis. Jeanne stands behind Marguerite, who is busy investigating her toes, and Josephine stands behind Jeanne. Charlot, Marceline, Marte and Yvonne are between Josephine and her sister Claire. Genevieve and little Mercedes are standing in front of Charlot, back of baby Lili, and the big girl sitting behind Adrienne is Louise.

little family—she must play the part of father, too, and help support them. So she studied stenography, and now she is on the staff of the Junior Red Cross in Par's."

The story had hardly ended when Claire herself came into the room and said to Madame Menil, "Charlot [shar-lo] and the others are asking if the American boy and his sisters will not join us in our picnic."

"Thank you, Claire," said Mademoiselle LeFevre, "but we will not be able to stay today."

"Is Charlot a boy?" asked Arthur.

Madame Menil nodded.

"Let me tell you," she said, "the true story of Charlot. The war turned him into a little old man. While his father fought for France, Charlot worked, so that his mother and three little brothers might have food. Then both parents died, and Charlot became the head of the family.

"One cold, rainy night in November, when Charlot and his brothers were huddled together in one corner of the dark shed they lived in, an enemy plane threw a bomb on the village, and destroyed their only home.

"Where could they sleep? It was then that the Junior Red Cross came along and found homes for the

three little boys. The youngest brother, Andre, they brought here.

"Last spring Charlot decided that he would go to see the baby brother who had joined the Junior Red Cross family. Straight through the big city of Paris walked this tired, hungry little old man, toward our little town of Perigny.

"It was evening when he reached the village. Down its one street he came and knocked at the gate in the last yellow wall. The cleanest, pinkest child Charlot had ever seen opened the gate cautiously. She opened her eyes wider at the grimy, dusty boy who stood there—with a man's khaki shirt and trousers gathered around his small bony frame.

"A pink tot from under the trees dashed towards him and buried his cleanness in Charlot's dusty arms, and cried, 'my Charlot, my Charlot.'

"That was all the passport Charlot needed to enter the magic gate. We scrubbed him thoroughly and gave him clean clothes. We fed him with potato 'soufflee' and 'fromage a la creme' and big red strawberries. Slowly he learned to play. Charlot is a real boy now," said Madame Menil, smiling.

"I should like to know Charlot," said Arthur.

"You must come to see us often," she replied.

THE LADY WITH THE LAMP

ONE hundred years ago this very year, there was born in Florence, Italy, a little English girl who was destined to become a great heroine. Thousands of soldiers whom she nursed knew her as the "Angel of Crimea" or the "Lady with the Lamp," but that of course was many years after her mother and father chose her real name, Florence, in honor of the beautiful "City of Flowers," which was her first home. The baby's full name was Florence Nightingale.

When she was still very small, her parents returned to England. Squire Nightingale, Florence's father, was a wealthy man, and the English home, Lea Hurst, was very beautiful. Little Florence loved it chiefly for the wonderful terraced gardens filled with hollyhocks and dahlias. The greenhouse at the end of the garden she found made a wonderful hospital for her pets. There was a nuthatch who broke his wing and could not fly. Then there were the dogs, the donkey, the pony, and even a pet pig; Florence took it upon herself to look after their health also.

"Our little girl is a born nurse," her father would say as he watched her.

The first patient to whom Florence administered "First Aid" was Cap, the dog of old Roger, the shepherd. Cap had sprained his leg badly, but Florence and her good friend the vicar applied hot compresses with such success that in a short time Cap was bounding happily after the sheep again.

As Florence grew older she went among the village people, helping all those who were ill and needy. The more experience she had with the sick, the more she longed to become a nurse. Her parents were not only opposed but very much shocked at the thought of such a thing. In those days girls did not go out in the world as they do now, and people did not look on nursing as the fine profession we now know it to be.

Squire Nightingale sent his daughter on wonderful trips and did everything in his power to make her forget this "unladylike occupation," as he termed it. But the girl had now grown up and in the face of all objections she set out to train for her chosen work. She studied in England and France, and became so capable a nurse that she was sent to teach others.

In 1845, the Crimean War broke out between

Russia and England. England had forgotten the suffering war brings and so made little preparation for her injured and dying.

An English newspaper man visited the Crimea, and wrote back pleading with England for help. "Are there no devoted women among us," he asked, "able and willing to go forth and minister to the sick and suffering soldiers of the East in the hospitals of Scutari?"

The woman who in her childhood loved to nurse her pets could not turn a deaf ear to this plea.

When Florence Nightingale arrived in the Crimea, she found the hospital to be a huge, unkempt barrack. There was an almost endless amount of work necessary to make it sanitary and comfortable. Every

hour of the day she toiled, and many lives were saved because of her labor. In the quiet hours of the night, carefully shading her lamp with her hand, she would tiptoe through the long corridors of wounded, pausing just a second at each bedside. The men grew to watch for her and her lamp.

Florence Nightingale's service in the Crimea blazed the way for the Red Cross Societies of the world. She was the pioneer of women nurses in war times. When we think of the thousands and thousands of Red Cross nurses who served in this last great war we realize better the greatness of her influence, and the distance her little lamp has cast its beams.

LOUISE FRANKLIN BACHE



Dedicated by Lieutenant J. Henry Smyth, Jr., A.R.C., to the memory of Florence Nightingale, the centenary of whose birth comes this year.

THE JUNIOR BOOK CORNER

Selections by EFFIE L. POWER, Head of Children's Department, Carnegie Library, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Books for Juniors Who Entertain

*Armies and emperors and kings,
All carrying different kinds of things,
And marching in so grand a way
You never saw the like by day.*—Stevenson.

A Semaphore Flag Drill and *A Red Cross Drill*, written by Nancy S. Hallowell and published by the Penn Publishing Company of Philadelphia, are two hearty and effective drills with which Juniors of all ages may royally entertain their friends. (15c each.)

The Opposite End of the World; a Masque of the Junior Red Cross. By Alice Wangenheim.

The Children of the Garden, the Mother Goose people, the Fairy Tale people and the Children of the Crusades try to share their happiness with the War Children, but their efforts are all in vain until the two guardians, Happiness of Home and Day-Dreams, show them the Children's Red Cross, which links all children together in happiness. The Masque is set to music by the Music Department of

Vassar College. Published in *The Red Cross Magazine*, N.Y., April, 1918. (20c.)

The Man Without a Country. By Edward Everett Hale. Adapted and arranged by Elizabeth McFadden and Agnes Crimmins. (Samuel French, 28 W. 38th St., N.Y. 25c.)

The dramatized story of Philip Nolan, U.S.N., who, because of an insult to the Stars and Stripes, was exiled forever from his native land.

A briefer dramatization may be found in *Children's Classics*, Book 5, by Augusta Stevenson. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., N.Y. 60c.)

Jean Valjean. Based on the story of Jean Valjean in Hugo's *Les Miserables*.

A play in which Jean Valjean, a convict from the galleys, becomes the hero. In *Children's Classics*, Book 5, by Augusta Stevenson. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., N.Y. 60c.)

Books for Those Who Entertain Juniors

*There is no frigate like a book
To take us lands away.*—Dickinson.

The Story of Chevalier Bayard. The adventures of a "Good knight without fear and without reproach." This story has many versions.

A Dog of Flanders. By Louise de la Ramée. The story of Nello who lived with his grandfather and his dog Patrasche in a humble little mud-hut, a league from Antwerp. (Crowell Co., N.Y. 75c.)

Folk Tales of Flanders. Collected and illustrated by Jean de Bosschère.

Tales that the Belgian boys and girls love to hear in the long winter evenings. (Dodd, Mead & Co., N.Y. \$3.50.)

Pinocchio. Translated from the Italian of Carlo Lorenzini. Every Junior will enjoy following Pinocchio the marionette and his wonderful nose on all the amazing adventures set forth in this book. (Ginn & Co., Boston. 48c.)

Cuore; an Italian Schoolboy's Journal. By Edmondo de Amicis.

In this journal you find the stories of "The Little Patriot of Padua," "The Little Vidette of Lombardy" and "The Sardinian Drummer-Boy." (Crowell Co., N.Y. 75c.)

Heroes of Today. By Mary R. Parkman. "The Laird of Skyland"; "The Seer of Woodchuck Lodge"; "The Deep-Sea Doctor"; "A Famous Explorer"; "A Modern Viking"; "A Poet Soldier" and tales of heroes as bold and daring as the knights of old await you in this book. (Century Co., N.Y. \$1.35.)

Fighters for Peace. By Mary R. Parkman.

A book in which one meets and learns to know King Albert of Belgium; Marshal Joffre; George Guynemer, the gallant flying boy; Marshal Foch; General Pershing, and other champions of honor. (Century Co., N.Y. \$1.50.)

L. F. B.

THE EDITOR'S NEW YEAR LETTER

Dear Juniors:

A big, happy, useful New Year to you! And it will be both big and happy if it is useful.

As members of the Junior Red Cross you have the greatest opportunity for service, which is only another word for usefulness, that has ever been presented to any group: service for your home, for your school, for your neighborhood or city, for your state, for your country, and for your world. It really is *your world*, you know, to be made better with your aid or allowed to suffer by your neglect.

Every little bit of improvement that you help to bring about through unselfish service, will add that much to the bigness and the happiness of the year for everybody, and *everybody*, of course, includes you. Start in your home today. Let that be the kindergarten or first-grade step. You will have to keep your eyes open. Sometimes opportunities just whizz by and are gone before a needed service can be rendered. Then in school itself, the heart of your unit of the Junior Red Cross, your very own Auxiliary, watch, watch, watch! I daresay you have, without meaning to, allowed real opportunities for service to someone to slip away time after time at the very place for Juniors to initiate—a good word to remember!—to initiate helpfulness.

Then on, through the higher grades—let's call them the town grade, the state grade, the nation grade, and the world grade—you, and those who willingly join with you, will advance in the great school of service for humanity. "I serve," remember, is one of your Junior slogans, or mottoes, and faithful adherence to it will help to speed the day when that other motto of yours, "Happy Childhood the World Over," will apply to an actual condition instead of to a theory or hope, as it seems to do today.

There is a tremendous reason for all this, too, an important, practical reason, which is indicated in an editorial on another page of this copy of your *Junior Red Cross News*. It is, in a word, the development of national and international good-will and understanding: that is, a feeling of love and respect for one another in our own vast home country, and a similar feeling between ourselves and the millions and millions of other people scattered throughout the world. This feeling of confidence and affection mutually experienced will accomplish very much towards preventing terrible—oh, unspeakable—wrong, and needess, shameful suffering, such as the recent world-war produced. Such man-made misery can, and surely will, be averted through God-inspired, and therefore

unselfish, service rendered by children for children.

Common sense must be mixed with the pure sentiment that is behind this greatest of crusades, a crusade in which both knights and ladies assist, and for a purpose more spiritual than material. All the strength and vision of youth are at your command, you Juniors. And in so worthwhile a crusade, keep in mind a great thought that one who was called "the greatest American thinker" has expressed, "Whilst a man seeks good ends, he is strong by the whole strength of Nature." When Ralph Waldo Emerson said that he meant that boys and girls, too, are "strong by the whole strength of Nature," whilst they "seek good ends."



This is the beginning of the third calendar year in the history of the Junior Red Cross of America, and the Junior body has grown in that time to an estimated enrollment of 14,000,000. Just think of that! You have already in your own great band more than half of the 23,000,000 school children of America, all organized to translate into action the same principle of service for the betterment of mankind. You have some 240,000 teachers as your auxiliary leaders, all deeply interested, no doubt, in

the important mission before you. You have sixteen or more definite relief projects, each a form of service, operating in war-blasted lands for children of your own ages who would have no homes, no food, and no clothes, but for the aid you and your Junior Red Cross have given them.

And so, in view of the practical as well as the idealistic nature of your Junior program, alleviating and preventing suffering at home and abroad, will you not, at the dawn of a new year, dedicate or rededicate yourselves to unselfish service to your home, your school, your town, your state, your country, and your world?

AUSTIN CUNNINGHAM.

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Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another,
Thank God for such a birthright, brother;
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

—Lowell.

